



DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, AMUSING MISCELLANY, HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL ANECDOTES, SUMMARY, POETRY, &c.

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NO. 1.

SELECT TALES.

From the Lady's Book.

Laura Lovel.

A SKETCH—FOR LADIES ONLY ;

BY MISS LESLIE.

This world is still deceived with ornament.—*Shakespeare.*

LAURA LOVEL was the eldest surviving daughter of a clergyman settled in a retired and beautiful village at the western extremity of the state of Massachusetts. Between Laura and her two youngest sisters, three other children had died. Being so much their senior, it was in her power to assist her father materially in the instruction of Ella and Rosa ; as after his family had become small, Mr. Lovel thought it best that the two little girls should receive all their education at home and never were children that conferred more credit on their teachers. Mrs. Lovel was a plain good woman, of excellent practical sense, a notable seamstress, and a first rate housewife. Few families were more perfectly happy, notwithstanding that the limited income of Mr. Lovel (though sufficient for comfort) left them little or nothing for superfluities.

They had a very neat house standing in the center of a flourishing garden, in which, utility had been the first consideration, though blended as far as possible with beauty. The stone fence looked like a hedge of nasturtions. The pillars supporting the rustic piazza that surrounded the house, where the rough trunks of small trees with a sufficient portion of the chief branches remaining, to afford resting places for the luxuriant masses of scarlet beans that ran over them ; furnishing when the blossoms were off, and the green pods full grown, an excellent vegetable-dish for the table. The house was shaded with fruit-trees exclusively ; the garden shrubs were all raspberry, currant, and gooseberry, and the flowers were chiefly those that had medicinal properties, or could be turned to culinary purposes—with the exception of some that were cultivated purposely for the bees. A meadow which pastured two cows and a horse completed the little domain.

About the time that Laura Lovel had

finished her seventeenth year, there came to the village of Rosebrook an old friend of her father's, whom he had long since lost sight of. They had received their early education at the same school, they had met again at college, and had some years after performed together a voyage to India ; Mr. Brantley as supercargo, Mr. Lovel as a missionary. Mr. Brantley had been very successful in business, and was now a merchant of wealth and respectability with a handsome establishment in Boston. Mr. Lovel had settled down as pastor of the principal church in his native village.

The object of Mr. Brantley's present visit to Rosebrook, was to inquire personally into the state of some property he still retained there. Mr. Lovel would not allow his old friend to remain at the tavern, but insisted that his house should be his abiding place ; and they had much pleasure in comparing their reminiscences of former times. As their chief conversation was on topics common to both, Mr. Lovel did not perceive that, except upon mercantile subjects, Mr. Brantley had acquired few new ideas since they had last met, and that his reading was confined exclusively to the newspapers. But he saw that in quiet good-nature, and easiness of disposition, his old friend was still the same as in early life.

Mr. Brantley was so pleased with every member of the Lovel family, and liked his visit so much, that he was induced to prolong it two days beyond his first intention ; and he expressed an earnest desire to take Laura home with him, to pass a few weeks with his wife and daughter. This proposal, however, was declined, with sincere acknowledgments for its kindness ; Mr. Lovel's delicacy making him unwilling to send his daughter as a guest to a lady who as yet was ignorant of her existence, and Laura sharing in her father's scruples.

Mr. Brantley took his leave : and three months afterwards, he paid a second visit to Rosebrook, for the purpose of selling his property in that neighborhood. He brought with him a short but very polite letter

from his wife to Mr. and Mrs. Lovel, renewing the invitation for Laura, and pressing it in a manner that could scarcely be withstood. Mr. Lovel began to waver ; Mrs. Lovel thought it was time that Laura should see a little of the world, and Laura's speaking looks told how much pleasure she anticipated from the excursion. The two little girls, though their eyes filled at the idea of being separated from their beloved sister, most magnanimously joined in entreating permission for her to go, as they saw that she wished it. Finally, Mr. Lovel consented ; and Laura seemed to tread on air while making her preparations for the journey.

That evening, at the hour of family worship, her father laid his hand on Laura's head, and uttered a fervent prayer for the preservation, of her health and happiness during her absence from the paternal roof. Mrs. Lovel and all her daughters were deeply affected, and Mr. Brantley looked very much inclined to participate in their emotion.

Early next morning, Mr. Brantley's chaise was at the door, and Laura took leave of the family with almost as many tears and kisses as if she had been going to cross the Atlantic. Little Ella, who was about eight years old, presented her, at parting, with a very ingenious needle-book of her own making, and Rosa, who was just seven, gave her as a keepsake, an equally clever pincushion. She promised to bring them new books and other little presents from Boston, a place in which they supposed every thing that the world produced, could be obtained without difficulty.

Finally, the last farewell was uttered, the last kiss was given, and Laura Lovel took her seat in the chaise beside Mr. Brantley, who drove off at a rapid pace ; and in a few moments, a turn in the road hid from her view the house of her father, and the affectionate group that still lingered at its gate to catch the latest glimpse of the vehicle that was bearing away from them the daughter and the sister.

As they proceeded on their journey, Laura's spirits gradually revived, and she soon became interested or delighted with every thing she beheld ; for she had a quick per-

ception, with a mind of much intelligence and depth of observation.

The second day of their journey had nearly closed before the spires of the Boston churches, and the majestic dome of the State House met the intense gaze of our heroine. Thousands of lights soon twinkled over the city of the three hills, and the long vistas of lamps that illuminated the bridges, seemed to the unpractised eyes of Laura Lovel to realize the glories of the Arabian Nights. 'Oh!' she involuntarily exclaimed, 'if my dear little sisters could only be with me now.'

As they entered by the western avenue, and as Mr. Brantley's residence was situated in the eastern part of the city, Laura had an opportunity of seeing as she passed, a vast number of lofty, spacious, and noble-looking dwelling-houses, in the erection of which the patrician families of Boston, have perhaps surpassed all the other aristocracies of the Union; for sternly republican as are our laws and institutions, it cannot be denied that in private life every section of our commonwealth has its aristocracy.

At length they stopped at Mr. Brantley's door, and Laura had a very polite reception from the lady of the mansion, an indolent, good-natured, insipid woman, the chief business of whose life was dress and company. Mr. Brantley had purchased a large and handsome house in the western part of the town, to which the family were to remove in the course of the autumn, and it was Mrs. Brantley's intention when they were settled in their new and elegant establishment to get into a higher circle, and to have weekly soirées. To make her parties the more attractive, she was desirous of engaging some very pretty young lady, (a stranger with a new face) to pass the winter with her. She had but one child, a pert, forward girl about fourteen, thin, pale, and seeming 'as if she suffered a great deal in order to look pretty.' She sat, stood and moved, as if in constant pain from the tightness of her corsets, the smallness of her sleeve-holes, and the narrowness of her shoes. Her hair, having been kept long during the whole period of her childhood, was exhausted with incessant tying, brushing and curling, and she was already obliged to make artificial additions to it. It was at this time, a mountain of bows, plaits, and puffs; and her costume was in every respect that of a woman of twenty. She was extremely anxious to come out, 'as it is called, but her father insisted on her staying in, till she had finished her education; and her mother had been told that it was very impolitic to allow young ladies to 'appear in society' at too early an age, as they were always supposed to be older than they really were, and therefore would be the sooner considered passed.

After tea, Mrs. Brantley reclined herself idly in one of the rocking-chairs, Mr. Brantley retired to the back parlor to read undisturbed the evening papers, and Augusta took up some bead-work, while Laura looked over the souvenirs with which the center-table was strewed.

'How happy you must be, Miss Brantley,' said Laura, 'to have it in your power to read so many new books.'

'As to reading,' replied Augusta, 'I never have any time to spare for that purpose, what with my music, and my dancing, and my lessons in French conversation, and my bead-work; then I have every-day to go out shopping, for I always *will* choose every thing for myself. Mamma has not the least idea of my taste; at least, she never remembers it. And then there is always some business with the mantua-makers and milliners. And I have so many morning visits to pay with mamma—and in the afternoon I am generally so tired that I can do nothing but put on a wrapper, and throw myself on the bed, and sleep till it is time to dress for evening.'

'Oh!' thought Laura Lovel, how differently do we pass our time at Rosebrook! Is not this a beautiful engraving?' she continued, holding one of the open souvenirs towards Augusta.

'Yes—pretty enough,' replied Augusta, scarcely turning her head to look at it—'mamma, do not you think I had better have my green pelerine cut in scollops rather than in points?'

'I think,' replied Mrs. Brantley, 'that scollops are the prettiest.'

'Really mamma,' said Augusta, petulantly, 'it is very peculiar in you to say so, when you ought to know that scollops have had their day, and that points have come round again.'

'Very well then my love,' replied Mrs. Brantley indolently, 'consult your own taste.'

'That I always do,' said Augusta, half aside to Laura, who addressing herself to Mrs. Brantley, made some inquiry about the last new novel.

'I cannot say that I have read it,' answered Mrs. Brantley, 'at least, I don't know that I have. Augusta, my love, do you recollect if you have heard me say any thing about the last new book—the—a—the—what is it you call it, Miss Lovel?'

'La! mamma,' said Augusta, 'I should as soon expect you to write a book as to read one.'

There was a pause for a minute or two. Augusta then leaning back towards her mother, exclaimed—'Upon second thought, I think I will have the green pelerine scolloped, and the blue one pointed. But the points shall be squared at the ends—on that I am determined.'

Laura now took up a volume of the juvenile

annual, entitled the Pearl, and said to Augusta—'You have, most probably, a complete set of the Pearl.'

'After all mamma,' pursued Augusta, 'butterfly bows are much prettier than shell bows. What were you saying just now, Miss Lovel, about my having a set of pearls?—you may well ask,'—looking spitefully towards the back-parlor, in which her father was sitting. 'Papa holds out that he will not give me a set till I am eighteen—and as to gold chains, and corals, and cornelians, I am sick of them, and I won't wear them at all—so you see me without any ornaments whatever, which you must think very peculiar.'

Laura had tact enough to perceive that any further attempt at a conversation on books, would be unavailing; and she made some inquiry about the annual exhibition of pictures at the Athenæum.

'I believe it is a very good one,' replied Mrs. Brantley. 'We stopped there one day on our way to dine with some friends out of town. But as the carriage was waiting, and the horses were impatient, we only stayed a few minutes, just long enough to walk round.'

'Oh! yes, mamma,' cried Augusta, 'and don't you recollect we saw Miss Darford there in a new dress of lavender-colored grenadine, though grenadines having been over these hundred years. And there was pretty Mrs. Lenham, as the gentleman call her, in a puce-coloured italianet, though italianets have been out for ages. And don't you remember Miss Grover's canary-colored reps bonnet, that looked as if it had been made in the ark. The idea of any one wearing reps!—a thing that has not been seen since the flood! Only think of reps!'

Laura Lovel wondered what *reps* could possibly be. 'Now I talk of bonnets,' pursued Augusta; 'pray, mamma, did you tell Miss Pipingcord that I would have my Tuscan leghorn trimmed with the lilac and green riband, instead of the blue and yellow?'

'Indeed,' replied Mrs. Brantley. 'I found your cousin Mary so extremely ill this afternoon when I went to see her, and my sister so very uneasy on her account, that I absolutely forgot to call at the milliner's as I had promised you.'

'Was there ever any thing so vexatious!' exclaimed Augusta, throwing down her bead-work—'Really, mamma, there is no trusting you at all. You never remember to do any thing you are desired.' And flying to the bell she rang it with violence.

'I could think of nothing but poor Mary's danger,' said Mrs. Brantley, 'and the twenty-five leeches that I saw on her forehead.'

'Dreadful!' ejaculated Augusta. 'But you might have supposed that the leeches would do her good, as of course they will. Here, William,' addressing the servant man that

had just entered; 'run as if you were running for your life to Miss Pippingcord, the milliner, and tell her upon no account whatever, to trim Miss Brantley's Tuscan Leghorn with the blue and yellow riband that was decided on yesterday. Tell her I have changed my mind and resolved upon the lilac and green. Fly as if you had not another moment to live, or Miss Pippingcord will have already trimmed the bonnet with the blue and yellow.'

'And then,' said Mrs. Brantley, 'go to Mrs. Ashmore's, and inquire how Miss Mary is this evening.'

'Why, mamma,' exclaimed Augusta; 'aunt Ashmore lives so far from Miss Pippingcord's that it will be ten or eleven o'clock before William gets back, and I shall be all that time on thorns to know if she has not already disfigured my bonnet with the vile blue and yellow.'

'Yesterday,' said Mrs. Brantley, 'you admired that very riband extremely.'

'So I did,' replied Augusta, 'but I have been thinking about it since, and as I tell you, I have changed my mind. And now that I have set my heart upon the lilac and green, I absolutely detest the blue and yellow.'

'But I am really very anxious to know how Mary is to-night,' said Mrs. Brantley.

'Oh!' replied Augusta, 'I dare say the leeches have relieved her. And if they have not, no doubt Dr. Warren will order twenty-five more—or something else that will answer the purpose.—She is in very good hands—I am certain that in the morning we shall hear she is considerably better. At all events I *will not* wear the hateful blue and yellow riband—William what are you standing for?'

The man turned to leave the room, but Mrs. Brantley called him back. 'William,' said she, 'tell one of the women to go to Mrs. Ashmore's and inquire how Miss Mary is.'

'Eliza and Matilda are both out,' said William, 'and Louisa is crying with the tooth-ache, and steaming her face over hot herbs—I guess she won't be willing to walk so far in the night-air, just out of the steam.'

'William!' exclaimed Augusta, stamping with her foot, 'don't stand here talking, but go at once; there's not a moment to lose. Tell Miss Pippingcord if she *has* put on that horrid ribin, she must take it off again, and charge it in the bill, if she pretends she can't afford to lose it, as I dare say she will—and tell her to be sure and send the bonnet home early in the morning—I am dying to see it.'

To all this Laura Lovel had sat listening in amazement, and could scarcely conceive the possibility of the mind of so young a girl being totally absorbed in things that concerned nothing but external appearance. She had yet to learn that a passion for dress, when thoroughly excited in the female bosom, and carried to excess, has a direct tendency to

cloud the understanding, injure the temper, and harden the heart.

Till the return of William, Augusta seemed indeed to be on thorns. At last he came, and brought with him the bonnet, trimmed with the blue and yellow. Augusta snatched it out of the bandbox, and stood speechless with passion, and William thus delivered his message from the milliner—

'Miss Pippincod sends word that she had ribanded the bonnet afore I come for it—she says she has used up all her laylock green for another lady's bonnet, as chose it this very afternoon; and she guesses you won't stand no chance of finding no more of it, if you sarch Boston through; and she says, she shew you all her ribands yesterday, and you chose the yellow blue yourself, and she han't got no more ribands as you'd be likely to like. Them's her very words.'

'How I hate milliners!' exclaimed Augusta, and ringing for the maid that always assisted her in undressing, she flounced out of the room and went to bed.

'Miss Lovel,' said Mrs. Brantley, smiling, 'you must excuse dear Augusta. She is extremely sensitive about every thing, and that is the reason she is apt to give way to these little fits of irritation.'

Laura retired to her room, grieving to think how unamiable a young girl might be made, by the indulgence of an inordinate passion for dress.

Augusta's cousin Mary did not die.

The following day was to have been devoted to shopping, and to making some additions to the simple wardrobe of Laura Lovel, for which purpose her father had given her as much money as he could possibly spare. But it rained till late in the afternoon, and Mrs. Brantley's coach was out of order, and the Brantleys (like many other families that keep carriages of their own) could not conceive the possibility of *hiring* a similar vehicle upon any exigency whatever.

It is true that the present case was in reality no exigency at all; but Mrs. Brantley and her daughter seemed to consider it as such, from the one watching the clouds all day as she sat at the window, in her rocking-chair, and the other wandering about like a troubled spirit, fretting all the time, and complaining of the weather. Laura got through the hours very well, between reading *Souvenirs*, (almost the only books in the house,) and writing a long letter, to inform her family of her safe arrival, and to describe her journey. Towards evening, a coach was heard to stop at the door, and there was a violent ringing, followed by a loud sharp voice in the entry, inquiring for Mrs. Brantley, who started from her rocking-chair, as Augusta exclaimed 'Miss Frampton!—I know 'tis Miss Frampton!' The young lady rushed into the hall,

while her mother advanced a few steps, and Mr. Brantley threw down his paper, and hastened into the front-parlor with a look that expressed any thing but satisfaction.

There was no time for comment or preparation.—The sound was heard of baggage depositing, and in a few moments Augusta returned to the parlor, hanging lovingly on the arm of a lady in a very handsome traveling dress, who flew to Mrs. Brantley and kissed her familiarly, and then shook hands with her husband, and was introduced by him, to our heroine.

Miss Frampton was a fashionable looking woman of no particular age. Her figure was good, but her features were the contrary, and the expression of her eye was strikingly bad. She had no relations, but she talked incessantly of her *friends*—for so she called every person whom she ever knew by sight, provided always that they were *presentable* people. She had some property, on the income of which she lived, exercising close economy in every thing but dress.—Sometimes she boarded out, and sometimes she billeted herself on one or other of these said friends, having no scruples of delicacy to deter her from eagerly availing herself of the slightest hint that might be construed into the semblance of an invitation. In short, she was assiduous in trying to get acquainted with every body from whom any thing was to be gained, flattering them to their faces, though she abused them behind their backs. Still, strange to tell, she had succeeded in forcing her way into the out-works of what is called society. She drest well, professed to know every body, and to go everywhere, was au fait to all the gossip of the day, and could always furnish ample food for the too prevailing appetite for scandal. Therefore, though every one disliked Miss Frampton, still every one tolerated her; and though a notorious calumniator, she excited so much fear, that it was generally thought safer to keep up some slight intercourse with her, than to affront her by throwing her off entirely.

Philadelphia was her usual place of residence; but she had met the Brantley family at the Saratoga Springs, had managed to accompany them to New-York on their way home, had boarded at Bunker's during the week they stayed at that house, had assisted them in their shopping expeditions, and professed a violent regard for Augusta, who professed the same for her. Mrs. Brantley's slight intimation 'she should be glad to see her if ever she came to Boston,' Miss Frampton had now taken advantage of, on pretext of benefitting by change of air. Conscious of her faded looks, but still hoping to pass for a young woman, she pretended always to be in precarious health, though of this there was seldom any proof positive.

On being introduced to Laura Lovel, as to a young lady on a visit to the family, Miss Frampton, who at once considered her an interloper, surveyed our heroine from head to foot, with something like a sneer, and exchanged significant glances with Augusta.

As soon as Miss Frampton had taken her seat, 'My dear Mrs. Brantley,' said she, 'how delighted I am to see you! And my sweet Augusta too! Why she has grown a perfect sylph!'

After hearing this, Augusta could not keep her seat five minutes together, but was gliding and flitting about all the remainder of the evening, and hovering round Miss Frampton's chair.

Miss Frampton continued, 'Yes, my dear Mrs. Brantley, my health has, as usual, been extremely delicate. My friends have been seriously alarmed for me, and all my physicians have been quite miserable on my account. Dr. Dengue has been seen driving through the streets like a madman, in his haste to get to me. Poor man—you must have heard the report of his suffering Mrs. Smith's baby to die with the croup, from neglecting to visit it, which if true, was certainly in very bad taste. However, Dr. Dengue is one of my oldest friends, and a most charming man.'

'But, as I was saying, my health still continued delicate, and excitement was unanimously recommended by the medical gentlemen—excitement and ice-cream. And as soon as this was known in society, it is incredible how many parties were made for me, and how many excursions were planned on my account. I had carriages at my door day and night. My friends were absolutely dragging me from each other's arms. Finally they all suggested entire change of air, and total change of scene. So I consented to tear myself awhile from my beloved Philadelphia, and pay you my promised visit in Boston.'

'We are much obliged to you,' said Mrs. Brantley. 'And really,' pursued Miss Frampton, 'I had so many engagements on my hands, that I had fixed five different days for starting, and disappointed five different escorts. My receiving-room was like a levee every morning at visiting hours, with young gentlemen of fashion, coming to press their services, as is always the case when it is reported in Philadelphia that Miss Frampton has a disposition to travel. A whole procession of my friends accompanied me to the steamboat, and I believe I had more than a dozen elegant smelling-bottles presented to me—as it is universally known how much I always suffer during a journey, being deadly sick on the water, and in a constant state of nervous agitating while riding.'

'And who did you come with at last?' asked Mrs. Brantley.

'Oh! with my friends the Twambersleys,

of your city,' replied Miss Frampton. 'The whole family had been at Washington, and as soon as I heard they were in Philadelphia on their return home, I sent to inquire—that is, or rather, I mean *they* sent to inquire as soon as they came to town, and heard that I intended visiting Boston—they sent to inquire if I would make them happy by joining their party.'

'Well,' observed Mr. Brantley, 'I cannot imagine how you got along with all the Twambersleys. Mr. Twambersley, besides being a clumsy fat man, upwards of seventy years old, and lame with the gout, and nearly quite deaf, and having cataracts coming on both eyes, is always obliged to travel with his silly young wife, and the eight children of her first husband, and I should think he had enough to do in taking care of himself and them. I wonder you did not prefer availing yourself of the politeness of some of the single gentlemen you mentioned.'

'Oh!' replied Miss Frampton, 'any of them would have been too happy, as they politely expressed it, to have had the pleasure of waiting on me to Boston. Indeed, I knew not how to make a selection, being unwilling to offend any of them by a preference. And then again, it is always in better taste for young ladies to travel, and indeed to go every where, under the wing of a married woman. I doat upon chaperones, and by coming with this family, I had Mrs. Twambersley to matronize me. I have just parted with them all at their own door, where they were set down.'

Mr. Brantley smiled when he thought of Mrs. Twambersley (who had been married to her first husband at fifteen, and was still a blooming girlish looking woman) matronizing the faded Miss Frampton, so evidently by many years her senior.

Laura Lovel, though new to the world, had sufficient good sense and penetration to perceive almost immediately, that Miss Frampton was a woman of much vanity and pretension, and she was in the habit of talking with great exaggeration; and in a short time she more than suspected that many of her assertions were arrant falsehoods—a fact that was well known to all those numerous persons that Miss Frampton called her *friends*.

Tea was now brought in and Miss Frampton took occasion to relate in what manner she had discovered that the famous silver urn of that charming family, the Sam Kettlethorps, was, in reality only plated—that her particular favorites, the Joe Sowerbys, showed such bad taste at their great terrapin supper, as to have green hock-glasses for the champagne; and that those delightful people, the Bob Skutterbys, the first time they attempted the new style of heaters at a venison dinner, had them filled with spirits of turpentine, instead of spirits of wine.

Next morning, Miss Frampton did not appear at the breakfast table, but had her first meal carried into her room, and Augusta breakfasted with her. Between them, Laura Lovel was discussed at full length, and their conclusion was, she had not a single good feature—that her complexion was nothing, her figure nothing, and her dress worse than nothing.

'I don't suppose,' said Augusta, 'that her father has given her much money to bring to town with her.'

To be sure he has not,' replied Miss Frampton, 'if he is only a poor country clergyman. I think it was in very bad taste for him to let her come at all.'

'Well,' said Augusta, 'we must take her a shopping this morning, and try to get her fitted out, so as to make a decent appearance at Nahant, as we were going thither in a few days.'

'Then I have come just in the right time,' said Miss Frampton. 'Nahant is the very place I wish to visit—My sweet friend Mrs. Dick Pewsey has given me such an account of it. She says there is considerable style there. She passed a week at Nahant when she came to Boston last summer.'

'Oh! I remember her,' cried Augusta. 'She was a mountain of blonde lace.'

'Yes,' observed Miss Frampton, 'and not an inch of that blonde has yet been paid for, or ever will be. I know it from good authority.'

[To be Continued.]

West Point.

'BRIGHT are the memories linked with thee,
Boast of a glory hallowed land!
Hope of the valiant and the free,
Home of their youthful soldier band.'

If each bright spot on earth is indeed benignantly shone upon by some 'bright particular star' in night's glorious canopy, then may we hope that the hallowed one which we have named is under no despicable influence. *Hallowed* by the footsteps of Washington and Kosciusko; consecrated by a nation to the Spartan-like training of a few devoted sons; nor less sacredly secluded by nature as the scene of retirement and study; it seems alike calculated to please the pensive sage and the aspiring youthful soldier; while even female loveliness vouchsafes to paint its memories in hues of hope and brightness, as the 'boast of a glory hallowed land.'

Courteous reader, if it has ever been your privilege, of a gentle summer's day, to sail down the picturesque river Hudson, are you not glad to recognize the lovely scene here presented, as the view of West-Point from the Highlands? You have passed by Newburgh and are entering the mountain gap, through which the waters have forced their rugged way. They seem baffled in the struggle, and you glance forward to the stern shore which seemed to repel their progress; saying to the proud wave, 'thus far shalt thou come,

and no farther;' when suddenly your eye is arrested by our nation's flag, proudly flying over a little sunny plain, a chance nook, where nature seems to have rested ere she began to pile the circumjacent mountains, and where signs of martial pomp soon announce the location of the military academy. In the foreground is the new and spacious Hotel, where my convivial host stands waiting to receive you; beyond it are the academic halls, the barracks, chapel and mess-house, appropriated to the cadets; and on the right are the comfortable dwellings, allotted as quarters for the academic officers. On the left, at the angle of the plain, are the traces of Fort Clinton; and on the right, towering far above Camptown, the suburb occupied by soldiers and citizens, stands Fort Putnam, on Mount Independence, venerable in its ruins—stern monument of a sterner age, which survived the attempts of treason and the assaults of tyranny, only to yield its hallowed materials to the desecrating hands of a rapacious owner.* Of the three monuments which now meet your eye, the one on the right, and nearest to you, on a projecting tongue of land bordered with thick groves, is the Cadets' Monument, erected to the memory of the deceased officers and cadets of the academy. It cost \$1200. The central one near the flagstaff, is a cenotaph, erected by General Brown, to the memory of Col. Eleazer E. Wood, an early and distinguished graduate of the academy, who fell at the sortie of Fort Erie, in 1814. And the monument on the left, over the leveled redoubt or citadel of Fort Clinton, is sacred to Kosciusko. It was completed in 1829, by the corps of cadets, at an expense of near \$5000. You now approach the wharf just beyond which is the rock, from which a chain was stretched across the river, in the time of the revolution to prevent the passage of British vessels. They broke it, however, in 1777, when they forced the passage of the highlands; and some links of it, near three feet long, and of bar-iron near two inches square, are still preserved in the store-house.

The Military Academy was contemplated at an early period of our national existence; with a view to the preservation of military knowledge, and the enforcement of a uniform discipline in our army. As early as 1790, General Knox, then secretary of War, in a report on the organization of the militia, says: 'Either efficient institutions must be established for the military education of youth, and the knowledge acquired therein be diffused throughout the country by the means of rotation; of the militia must be formed of

substitutes, after the manner of the militia of Great Britain. If the United States possess the vigor of mind to establish the first institution, it may be reasonably expected to produce the most unequivocal advantages. A glorious national spirit will be introduced, with its extensive train of political consequences.' In 1793, General Washington, in his annual message to Congress, suggests the inquiry, 'whether a material feature in the improvement of the system of military defence, ought not to be, to afford an opportunity for the study of those branches of the art, which can scarcely ever be attained by practise alone.' And in his annual message of 1796, he says: 'The institution of a military academy is also recommended by cogent reasons. However pacific the general policy of a nation may be, it ought never to be without an adequate stock of military knowledge for emergencies.—Whatever argument may be drawn from particular examples, superficially viewed, a thorough examination of the subject will evince that the art of war is extensive and complicated; that it demands much previous study; and that the possession of it, in its most improved and perfect state, is always of great moment to the security of a nation. This, therefore, ought to be a serious care of every government; and for this purpose, an academy, where a regular course of instruction is given, is an obvious expedient which different nations have successfully employed.'

On the 7th of May, 1794, Congress passed an act providing for a corps of artilleryists and engineers, to consist of four battalions, to each of which, eight *cadets* were to be attached; making it the duty of the Secretary of war to procure, at the public expense, the necessary books, instruments and apparatus, for the use and benefit of said corps. This was the first introduction of cadets as a grade of officers in the army of the United States. The term *cadet*, derived from the French, signifying a younger son, was previously applied in England to those young gentlemen, who seeking the situation, were trained for public employment, particularly in the service of the East India Company. In our own army it signifies an officer ranking between a lieutenant and a sergeant; this grade having been confined to the pupils of the military academy since its establishment.

In 1793, Congress authorized the raising of an additional regiment of artilleryists and engineers, and increased the number of cadets to 56. In July of the same year, the President was empowered, by another act to appoint four teachers of the arts and sciences necessary for the instruction of this corps. Thus, although the cadets were not collected in one point, nor buildings erected for purposes of education; still the principle upon

which the present institution rests was fully sanctioned; a new grade was created in the army to which young men were exclusively entitled to be admitted; and means were provided for their education in the science of war, that they might be fitted for stations of command.

The military academy was established by an act of Congress, March 16th, 1802, by which the military peace establishment was determined. By this act the artilleryists and engineers were made to constitute two distinct corps. To the corps of engineers were attached ten cadets. The 27th section provided that the said corps, when organized, 'shall be stationed at West-Point, in the State of New-York, and shall constitute a military academy.' It is also provided that the senior engineer officer present shall be superintendent of the academy; and authorized the purchase of the necessary books, implements, and apparatus, for the use and benefit of the institution. In the following year, another act, dated February 23, 1803, empowered the President to appoint one teacher of the French language, and one teacher of drawing.

Six years after, Mr. Jefferson, then President, and who had previously expressed some doubts of the constitutionality of the academy, thus calls the attention of Congress to the subject of its welfare: 'The scale on which the military academy at West-Point was originally established, is become too limited to furnish the number of well instructed subjects in the different branches of artillery and engineering, which the public service calls for. The chief engineer, having been instructed to consider the subject, and to propose an augmentation, which might render the establishment commensurate with the present circumstances of the country, has made his report, which I now transmit for the consideration of Congress. The plan suggested by him of removing the institution to this place, (Washington) is also worthy of attention. Besides the advantage of placing it under the immediate eye of the government, it may render its benefits common to the naval department; and will furnish opportunities of selecting on better information, the characters most qualified to fulfill the duties which the public service may call for.' The proposal to remove the academy to Washington, like several subsequent ones, was promptly negatived; but on the above recommendation, an act was passed, increasing the corps of cadets by 156 additional members.

And in 1812, after the favorable notice of President Madison, Congress passed an act dated April 29, which declares that 'the military academy shall consist of the corps of engineers, and the following professors and assistants, in addition to the teachers of

* It is not more than twenty years since the owner of an adjacent farm, finding Fort Putnam to be within his limits, as established by United States commissioners, proceeded to demolish the Fort, using the materials for fences, &c. to compel the government to purchase it at an exorbitant price. This was finally done.

French and drawing already provided for, viz: A professor of experimental and natural philosophy; a professor of mathematics; a professor of the art of engineering; with an assistant for each. A chaplain was also to be appointed, and required to officiate as professor of geography, ethics and history. The number of cadets was limited to 260, the prerequisites for admission, the term of study and service, and the rate of pay and emoluments were prescribed.

Such were the essential provisions for establishing the military academy; and notwithstanding repeated efforts to change them, they still remain unaltered. The documentary history above given, is extracted from Col. Johnson's able report to the House of Representatives, dated May 17, 1834; a document which shows in detail how fully this institution has received the sanction and support of all the great statesmen of our nation, from the first establishment of our federal government. It also shows how unfounded are the prejudices which have been locally excited against the academy; and how substantial have been the benefits by which it has sought to repay the country for her maternal care and support.

The old buildings first occupied by the academy are long since gone to decay, and demolished. In 1812, the jurisdiction of 250 acres of land was ceded by New-York to the United States; and an appropriation of \$12,000 having been made for the erection of quarters, the mess-hall, chapel, and south barracks were begun, and completed in the following year. The three brick edifices nearest the mess-hall, were erected in 1815—16, and the other three nearest the flag-staff on the same line, in 1820—21. The north barracks were built in 1817. Of the three stone dwellings west of the flag-staff, the farthest was erected in 1821; the others in 1825—26. The hospital and hotel were built in 1828—29; and the ordinance or gun-house, in 1830. Appropriations have been made for a gymnasium and a chapel, which are now under construction. The water-works, for supplying all the buildings with water, or extinguishing fire were completed in 1830, at an expense of \$4,500. The annual expense of the academy is stated at \$115,000; averaging about \$425 for each cadet. This is one-fourth less than the average cost of each cadet, prior to 1817, which was not less than \$550 per annum. The library is well selected, of military, scientific and historical works, containing nearly 10,000 volumes. The philosophical apparatus lately received from France is extensive, and constructed with the latest improvements. The chemical laboratory and mineralogical cabinet yet require enlargement.

Our biographical history of the academy

shall be brief. Its superintendence was entrusted in its early stages to General Jonathan Williams, *ex-officio*, as chief of the corps of engineers. During this period from 1802 to 1812, the number of cadets was small, and the total number of graduates was only 71. This may satisfactorily answer the question, why we do not find more of them among the distinguished men of our country. The only professors recorded during this period, are George Barron, and afterwards Francis R. Hassler, professors of mathematics; Francis De Masson teacher of French, and Christian E. Zoeller, of drawing. Mr. Hassler is now employed by the government on a trigonometrical survey of our coast.

From 1812 to 1815, the academy was placed under the direction of the succeeding chief engineer, General Joseph G. Swift. Among the professors, were the Rev. Adam Empie, chaplain; Andrew Ellicott, professor of mathematics; Col. Jared Mansfield, professor of natural philosophy; and Captain Alden Partridge professor of engineering.

[Concluded in our next.]

BIOGRAPHY.

Antoinette Tomazewski,

THE HEROINE OF POLAND.

ANTOINETTE TOMAZEWSKI, was born in 1814, in the district of Rosienia, in Samogitia. The daughter of noble and wealthy parents, she was educated in the convent of Krose by the nuns of the order of St. Benedict. Of middling stature, but admirably proportioned, with a profusion of dark auburn hair, her fine features, and her large and expressive blue eyes wearing a grave and melancholy expression. Antoinette possessed at once the body and soul of an Amazon. Endowed with the imagination, the heart of fire, and the native heroism which is the appanage of the Lithuanian Samogitian women, she never heard the name of her country without the liveliest emotions. She had long been distinguished among her companions for her romantic enthusiasm, and her profound devotion to the worship of Polish nationality. With what transports, with what avidity did she treasure up every thing relative to the ancient glory of Poland, and what burning tears she shed on listening to the history of her country's disasters, and the recital of the odious despotism under which it groaned. On these occasions her beautiful eyes would sparkle with indignation and patriotism, and her proud heart panted for the hour of revenge.

When this hour at length arrived, Antoinette was scarcely sixteen, but on the first news of the rising, the maiden's resolution was taken. Disregarding her tender age, her sex, and her weakness she forgot even the tears of her family, for the voice of

her country was even more powerful than that of nature. She quitted her convent, and addressing one last adieu to the happy scenes of her childhood, she joined Gruzewski, one of the insurgent chiefs in the district of Rosienia.

When Antoinette Tomazewski arrived in the Samogitian camp, it resounded with the cry of enthusiasm and sympathy. We knew not which the most to admire, her transcendent beauty or her exalted patriotism. But it was not their homage that she went there to seek.—Faithful to the noble feelings that actuated her, she went immediately to the chief, explained to him eloquently and in few words her motives, and demanded a horse and arms. She was enlisted in a body of horse, in a few days she could wield her lance as well as any of her companions. From that moment she unsexed herself for the service of her country. Attached as a private soldier to the corps of Gruzewski, clothed in the uniform, and armed *à la polonoise*, reserving for herself in case of misfortune a poignard, which she concealed in her girdle, she was present with the corps in every action, and gallantly braved both danger and death.—In a charge which was made at Mankuni, in Samogitia, the young Antoinette performed prodigies of valor. Generals Geilgud and Chlopowski commanded in this action, in which a regiment of Circassian cavalry harassed severely the rear of the Polish columns.—Unable to keep the field against an enemy ten times more numerous, it became necessary to check this hot pursuit, and the Polish cavalry were in consequence ordered to charge the Circassians. Antoinette rushed forward with them; with eyes flashing fire, her face burning with rage, the young heroine penetrated into the thickest of the Muscovite ranks, giving an example of heroic courage to her countrymen, who soon dispersed the enemy. Geilgud, Chlopowski, and all their staff were overwhelmed with admiration and astonishment; and on returning to the camp, after the defeat of the enemy, the young heroine was received amid long and enthusiastic hurrahs. The hour of defeat for the Polish cause at length sounded, but Antoinette was unmoved. Following the retreat of the army she was present in the action of Schawle, and distinguished herself in several other affairs, particularly at Powendeme, where she received the epaulets of a sub-lieutenant as a recompense for her courage. Possessing the noblest attributes of a warrior, she was a model of patience and resignation during the periods of difficulty and distress. She consoled her companions by holding out to them the hopes of a brighter future. Throughout a harassing retreat, amid the fatigues of the bivouac, and privations of every kind, never once did a complaint or an expression of regret escape

her lips. One might have supposed twenty years of service had inured her to the hardships of a camp. From the commencement of her career, so reserved and so dignified was her demeanor, that she inspired her comrades with feelings of the profoundest veneration and deference. In the garb of an Amazon, they learnt to respect a young maiden whom an exalted spirit of patriotism had driven from the cloister to the battle field. At length, when every hope was lost, when nothing more was to be done in Lithuania. Tomazewski, followed the fatal fortunes of the Army, and entered Prussia with the corps of General Rohland. There, on the recital of her adventurous life and her perilous exploits, she became an object of universal interest, admiration, and hospitality. Both Prussians and Poles were lost in wonderment at the aspect of a maiden who had made a campaign as a private soldier, and gained at the point of the lance, the epaulets of a sub-lieutenant.

Antoinette has married since a Polish officer; a warm admirer of her heroism and virtue. The duties of a wife and mother have doubtless subdued the grief of that ardent and patriotic soul. But the annihilation of her country and wreck of all those pleasing illusions of her youth will strew her future career with bitterness and sorrow. One of those powerfully constituted minds that delight in splendid actions, the part of Antoinette Tomazewski was to fight for Poland, and her unceasing prayer to see her free. But fate has ordained it otherwise, and doomed her to be one of the victims of barbarism and despotism.

MISCELLANY.

For the Rural Repository.

On Affectation.

'She has most charms who is the most sincere.'

WHEN we observe affectation usurping the throne of reason, we justly suspect that there exist but few of those natural traits of character, which have in every age delighted and fascinated mankind. There is indeed, scarcely any failing, which is more generally disliked, than this. It creates in the mind sentiments of disgust, which are not without the greatest difficulty effaced. Let her who practices affectation, possess every external charm, and every internal accomplishment, they will not lessen our dislike, or soften our disapprobation, but rather increase them. When we chance to see a female having some pretensions to beauty, 'but few to sense,' assume this quality, we are neither surprised nor astonished; but when we see one, possessing a refined soul, and an enlightened mind make use of this little art, we are more strongly inclined to censure her conduct, as she by the means sinks herself to the level of those

who have nothing but their external charms whereof to boast; and also renders herself ridiculous and contemptible in the circle of her acquaintance and in the eyes of the world. Affectation almost totally obscures feminine beauty, by eradicating in the mind sincerity, the brightest ornament of female excellence; it renders ridiculous the most sensible of our sex; it taints the most exquisite beauty; it injures the sensibility, and blunts the finer feelings of the soul; it is the enemy of friendship, and the poison of social intercourse. In a word, affectation cankers every virtue, and tarnishes every accomplishment—renders those who are infected with it, unhappy themselves, and disagreeable to the world.

SETTING OUT IN LIFE.—The anxiety of accumulating something for their children, if not enough for their entire support, at least enough to set them well afloat in life, is very common among parents. It is injudicious and arises from parental weakness. Educate your children well and you have done enough for them—let them take care of themselves; teach them to depend upon their own strength, and this only can be done by putting them upon their own strength—in no other way can they acquire strength. Setting a young man afloat upon the wealth accumulated by his father, is like tying bladders under the arms of a swimmer—or rather one that cannot swim without them; ten chances to one he will lose his bladders and his sole dependence, and then where is he? Teach him while young to swim a little with his own strength—and then chuck him into the stream of life to take care of himself without any extenuous helps. Under such circumstances he will be likely to buffet the waves with far more success.—*Salem Observer.*

A SWISS RETORT.—A French officer, quarreling with a Swiss, reproached him with his country's vice of fighting on either side for money, 'while we Frenchmen,' said he 'fight for honor.' 'Yes, sir,' replied the Swiss, 'every one fights for that he most wants.'

The Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1836.

A NEW VOLUME.—Again, at the commencement of a new stage in its journey, we commend the Repository to the good will and patronage of our friends and the public at large. No exertions shall be spared on our part to render the Thirteenth volume, by decorations and every other means in our power, as acceptable to our numerous patrons as any of its predecessors; but as our prospectus is before them, a repetition here of our arrangements respecting it were altogether unnecessary, we shall therefore conclude, hoping by a faithful discharge of the duties we owe them to merit a continuance of their favor.

SUMMARY.

ACCIDENT.—Two men, William Smith and Henry Fox, laborers in the vicinity of this city, were drowned by the capsizing of a boat, on the 5th inst.

The Harpers have put to press another edition of Mr. Bryant's poems—Weir has furnished a vignette, and it is to be printed in a style worthy of the compositions of this fine American bard.

During the second week in May, the number of individuals who stopped at Detroit on their pilgrimage to the fertile regions of the west, amounted to one thousand a day.

Upwards of twelve thousand six hundred emigrants arrived in the port of New-York during last month. The great proportion of these strangers were mechanics.

Captain Marryat, it is said, clears nine thousand dollars yearly by his writings.

It is said that the Creek nation can bring into the field seven thousand warriors—this is a larger force than the entire army of the United States.

The whip manufactory at Westfield, Massachusetts, turns out five hundred thousand dollars worth in a year. Sad intelligence for horses.

The newspaper in which J. Sheridan Knowles is engaged, is to have a capital of \$300,000! besides Auditors, Trustees, and Backers!!

Coh. Rees of Florida, owner of a plantation which was devastated by the Indians, is said to have lost \$40,000; being the greatest loss sustained by any individual in the Territory.

Letters Containing Remittances.

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

P. V. D. Livingston, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Palatine Bridge, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Brookfield, Vt. \$5.00; E. W. F. Westport, Ct. \$1.00; J. L. Kinderhook, N. Y. \$2.00; J. G. S. Lenox, Ms. \$7.12; J. R. F. Danville, Ky. \$1.00; G. W. S. Gayhead, N. Y. \$1.00; C. P. Tioga Village, Pa. \$1.00; P. M. Chapinville, Ct. \$1.00; C. G. B. Cuyahoga Falls, O. \$2.00; B. E. Little Genesee, N. Y. \$4.00; J. S. M. Ceres-town, Pa. \$1.00; P. R. Rhinebeck, N. Y. \$1.00; E. H. B. Moscow, N. Y. \$2.00; M. C. R. Troy, N. Y. \$1.00; J. H. Cato 4 Corners, N. Y. \$5.00; W. C. Troy, Mich. \$2.00; T. N. Athens, N. Y. \$10.00; W. A. C. Monroe, Ct. \$5.00; F. M. H. Glastenbury, Ct. \$1.00; C. W. A. Milford, N. H. \$1.00; H. B. J. Andover, Ms. \$1.00; P. M. Brookfield, Vt. \$3.00; H. F. Watertown, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. Leyden, N. Y. \$3.00; E. T. B. Spencer, Ms. \$1.00; E. K. H. Bloomfield, Ct. \$5.00; C. G. B. Brackett's Bridge, N. Y. \$1.00; L. D. H. Jackson Corner, N. Y. \$1.00; B. F. H. Bristol, Ct. \$1.00; H. M. W. Livingston, N. Y. \$1.00; B. H. Hartsville, Ms. \$1.00; A. H. Berlin, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Nunda Valley, N. Y. \$2.00; H. C. St. Johnsbury Plain, \$1.00; P. M. Oakfield, N. Y. \$3.00; A. F. B. Salina, N. Y. \$3.00; H. J. B. Brimfield, Mass. \$10.00; J. F. H. Richfield, O. \$2.00; J. R. E. Alburgh Vt. \$1.00; W. N. Leverett, Ms. \$1.00; P. M. South Orange, Ms. \$6.00; H. P. West Port, N. Y. \$1.00; E. V. N. H. Middlebury, Vt. \$10.00; W. P. H. Oswego, N. Y. \$3.00; E. F. Leeds, N. Y. \$1.00; C. P. O. North Amherst, Ms. \$1.00; P. M. Otto, N. Y. \$1.00; D. B. L. Newark, N. Y. \$5.00; A. J. Stockton, N. Y. \$3.00; B. F. W. Harvard, Ms. \$23.41; J. F. W. Albany, N. Y. \$18.82; A. V. Little Falls, N. Y. \$10.00; P. M. Wadsworth, O. \$2.00; L. G. Greenfield, Ms. \$1.00; A. P. Clinton, N. Y. \$1.00.

MARRIED.

In this city, on Sunday the 29th ult. by the Rev. George H. Fisher, Mr. George W. Corning, to Miss Rebecca Ann Fitch, both of this city.

On the 21st ult. by the Rev. William Thatcher, Mr. Robert Power, to Miss Prudence Roraback, both of this city.

On the 4th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Fisher, Mr. John Blake, of Rondout, Ulster County, to Miss Charlotte, daughter of Mr. Martin Goff, of this city.

In New-York, on the 18th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Piercy, Mr. William G. Dusenbury, to Miss Lucy Ann Derby, both of that city.

At Claverack, on the 18th ult. by the Rev. R. Sluyter, Mr. Christopher Gernon, to Miss Anna Maria, daughter of Anthony Poucher, Esq. all of Claverack.

At Albany, on the 26th ult. by the Rev. J. N. Campbell, Mr. Chester Carpenter, of this city, to Miss Jerusha Hall, of Albany.

At Claverack, on the 10th inst. by Peter Poucher Esq. Mr. Plimney S. Mills, of New-York, to Miss Ann T. Fonds, of the former place.

At Chatham, on the 7th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Poor, Mr. Samuel Wilbor, to Miss Elsie Maria, daughter of John T. Van Valkenburgh, Esq. all of the above place.

At Athens, on the 4th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Rumpf, Mr. John Sharpe, of Athens, to Miss Mary Hallenbeck, of Baltimore.

At the same place, on the 9th inst. by the same, Mr. Wm. Henry Gorman, to Miss Neily Ann Carter, both of this city.

At the same place, at the same time, by the same Mr. George Benzy, to Miss Catherine Carter, both of this city.

At the same place, at the same time, by the same Mr. George Frederick Penn Dawson, to Miss Mary Carter, both of this city.

In New-Lebanon, on the 31st ult. by Ira Hand Esq. Mr. Quincy A. Jordan, to Miss Catharine P. Darling, both of Lanesboro'.

DIED.

In this city, on the 12th inst. Edward Bruce, aged 25 years.

On the 12th ult. Mary S. consort of B. Elwell, in the 45th year of her age.

On the 23d ult. Benjamin S. Lovejoy, aged 24 years.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.
Ills of Life.

Man's feeble race what ills await!—GRAY.

How numerous the ills which our pathway encumber
 While journeying along through the valley of life;
 Disappointments, cares, sorrows, and woes without number
 Our cup fill, and make it with bitterness rife.
 Prosperity's sun, though to-day brightly shining,
 May, to-morrow, be darkened by clouds of despair,
 And leave us bewildered, in sorrow repining,
 To grovel along through life's wilderness drear.
 And yet, though our cup is with sorrow o'erflowing,
 And clouds of despair often darken our way,
 Though adversity's winds are upon us aye blowing,
 And every thing round tends our hearts to dismay.
 There still is a hope that we are not forsaken,
 Which eases our minds when with trouble oppressed—
 A hope that, from earth when our flight we have taken,
 We safe shall arrive in 'the land of the blest.'
Dracut, Mass. RURAL BARD.

From the Knickerbocker.
The Dying Wife.

AND I MUST DIE!

I MUST pass away from the beautiful earth,
 Where the roses bloom and the birds have birth—
 Ere the rude world's blight o'er my spirit has blown,
 Ere the music of life has lost one tone;
 As the dew-drop swept from the aspen spray,
 With the summer's breath, I must pass away.
 The maiden laughs in the sunny glade!
 Ah why doth she laugh? Her joys must fade.
 All that is dearest to her, are mine,
 All that is brightest, on me now shine:
 There's joy for me still in the lemon-leaved bower,
 Where the mocking-bird sits, in the hushed night hour:
 There's joy for me still in the festal throng,
 In the mazy dance, and the sparkling song;
 There's a flush in my cheek, a light in mine eye,
 And my heart beats warm—but I must die!

I MUST leave them now!

I must pass from the home of my childhood's mirth,
 And my place shall be mourned by my father's hearth.
 His hair is white and his eye is dim—
 And who shall now speak of the glad earth to him?
 And who shall now pour on his time-dulled ear,
 The olden lay that he loved to hear?
 He will sit and pine in his dwelling lone,
 For I was his all, and I shall be gone.
 There is one on my heart hath a tenderer claim!
 I have taught my soft child to lip his name;
 On his faithful breast when my head is laid,
 I forget I am dying—my pain is stayed.
 I trust to his words, as on hope he dwells,
 But the pale lip mocks what the fond heart tells:
 The cold drops stand on his manly brow,—
 Oh God! must I leave—must I leave him now!

I will come again!

I will come again, in the twilight gloom,
 When the sad wind wails o'er my lowly tomb;
 When the shade's in the bower and the star in the sky,
 The early-loved scenes will I wander by:
 I will pass by the hall of the glad and gay,
 For they shall laugh on, though my smile be away:
 Where the aged man weeps, my breath shall be there,
 I will come to my child at her young-voiced prayer:
 When lovely she kneels by her father's side,
 His gaze resting on her, his darling and pride.
 With a dark'ning shade should his brow be crossed,
 As his thoughts are afar with the loved one lost;
 I will live in her form, I will speak in her eye,
 I will steal from his lip the half-breathed sigh;
 With her silvery voice, will I soothe his pain,
 I will whisper his heart, 'I am come again!' H. L. B.

The Dead.

BY L. H. SIGOURNEY.

'Mourn for the mourner, but not for the dead.'
 I SAW an infant, marble cold,
 Borne from the pillowing breast,
 And in the shroud's embracing fold,
 Laid down to dreamless rest;
 And moved to bitterness, I sighed—
 Not for the babe that slept,
 But for the mother at his side,
 Whose soul in anguish wept.
 They bore a coffin to its place—
 I asked them who was there;
 And they replied 'a form of grace,
 The fairest of the fair.'
 And for that blessed one do ye mourn,
 Whose angel wing is spread?
 No!—for the lover, pale and lone,
 Whose hope is with the dead.
 I wandered to a new made grave,
 And there a mother lay:
 The love of Him who died to save,
 Had been her spirit's stay—
 Yet sobb'd burst forth of torturing pain;
 Wail ye for her who died?
 No!—for that timid infant train,
 Who roam without a guide.

My Mother.

BY L. M. J. M. MONTAGUE.

WHOSE was that eye, whose loving beam
 First fell upon my infant face?
 Whose light comes back in many a dream
 Of days that time can ne'er efface?
 It was thine own: I know no other,
 Could match thy loving eye, my mother!
 Whose was that tender voice, that spoke
 Sweet words of gracious love to me?
 That round my pillow nightly broke
 The silence with soft minstrelay?
 It was thine own I know no other.
 Could match thy tender voice, my mother!
 Whose was the hand that wiped the tear
 From off my cheek, and round me still,
 In pain and sorrow, hovered near,
 Some soothing office to fulfill?
 It was thine own: I know no other,
 Could match thy gentle hand, my mother?
 But now those *loving eyes* are closed,
 That tender *voice* has lost its tone,
 Those *gentle hands* have long reposed
 In dust; and I in sadness own,
 That though I've many friends, *no other*,
 Can be the friend thou wert, MY MOTHER!

The Heart.

THE Human Heart!—no mortal eye
 Hath seen its strings laid bare;
 A beauty and a mystery
 Is all that resteth there:
 In love how silently 'twill brood
 O'er feelings unconfess'd!
 A bird that feeds in solitude
 The younglings of its nest.
 Its Hate is like volcanic fire:
 We reck not of its wrath
 Till bursts the lava of its ire
 Around our scorching path.
 Its Friendship!—oh! the blessed deeds
 It strews in Time's dark bowers—
 That spring through misery's bitter weeds
 To crown Life's cup with flowers!

The heart's *Despair*!—what simile
 Portrays its gloom aright;
 It is the Hell of Memory—
 Unutterable Night!
 Its Holiness!—a tree whose bloom
 Eternity supplies,
 And flocking to whose branches, come
 The birds of Paradise.
 In every *human* change the heart
 Is but a living lyre,
 Where each fierce passion plays its part
 Upon a separate wire;
 But harsh and wild the tones will be
 While passion round them clings;
 It never breathes true melody,
 Till God hath touched its strings.

PROSPECTUS

OF THE

RURAL REPOSITORY.

Embellished with Engravings;

DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SUCH AS MORAL AND
 SENTIMENTAL TALES, ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS,
 BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, AMUSING
 MISCELLANY, HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL
 ANECDOTES, SUMMARY, POETRY, &C.

On Saturday, the 18th of June, 1836, will be issued the
 first number of the *Thirteenth Volume (Fourth New
 Series)* of the RURAL REPOSITORY.

On issuing proposals for a new volume of the Rural
 Repository, the Publisher tenders his most sincere acknow-
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